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SPOHR.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PHILHARMONIC.

THIS illustrious musician, having entirely recovered from his recent illness, the result of an accident, an account of which has appeared in these columns, has been devoting his leisure hours to the composition of a new grand symphony, entitled *The Seasons*. We hear, from competent authority, that this work, which constitutes the ninth symphony of the great composer, is one of the most remarkable that has ever proceeded from his fertile pen. From the manner in which Spohr has treated other poetical subjects—need we mention, as examples, the *Power of Sound*, and *Earthliness and Godliness*—we can readily conceive in what a masterly and imaginative style he would be likely to develop so happy and suggestive a theme as that of the *Seasons*. Of course this new and important work, by the greatest living composer for the orchestra, will be seized on with avidity by the directors of the Philharmonic Society, who, panting for novelty, and honourably eager to give entire satisfaction to their subscribers, have thus an opportunity afforded them of which there can be little doubt they will zealously avail themselves.

ALBONI.

THE *Athenæum* appears incredulous about the success of Alboni in the *Prophète*, notwithstanding that it has been recorded in unmistakable terms by the whole of the French press, musical and unmusical. In support of his incredulity the critic of that journal quotes a fragment of the *feuilleton* of M. Berlioz, in the *Journal des Débats*, with comments appropriate to the view he takes of the subject. We cite without curtailment:—

"M. Berlioz has rarely, if ever, been more grotesque in his praises than when writing of Mademoiselle Alboni's *Fides*, the singing of which he lauds as beautiful, though as every one must have been prepared to learn, it is deficient in dramatic vigour. "I should like," says he, after politely adverting to this, "to be very young and very handsome. I would try to inspire her with an unhappy passion—to deceive her—from time to time to beat her, and at the end of three or four years of such discipline and grief, the talent of Mlle. Alboni would be something amazing and complete in every respect!"

If we may be allowed an opinion on the subject, we shall make bold to say, that it would have been fairer, both to Alboni and to the readers of the *Athenæum*, had the writer quoted at least so much of the *feuilleton* of M. Berlioz as would have conveyed a just impression of that distinguished critic's real opinion of Alboni's performance, which, if we are able to read, and understand what we read, is as warmly and unconditionally eulogistic as any notice of any artistic effort that has appeared in any journal any time this twenty years. The fact is, that Alboni's recent triumph has so astonished many people, the critic of the *Athenæum* among the rest, that they are at a loss what to make of it. We, however, were not

surprised at all, having already witnessed her performance of Leonora, in the *Favorite*, on the Continent. We have no space for a translation of the entire article of M. Berlioz, but shall quote a few passages next week, which may serve to neutralise the erroneous impression likely to be induced by the garbled extract and significant comments of the *Athenæum*.

VIVIER.

(Continued from No. 19.)

EUGÈNE VIVIER was born at Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, on the 4th of December, 1822. He is, therefore, though of French extraction by his grandfather's side, no more a Frenchman than Napoleon Buonaparte. Corsica, however, being a department of the French empire, or rather republic, Vivier is a subject of the French crown, or rather presidency. His family is honourable, as might readily be guessed from his manners and conversation, which are those of a polished and accomplished gentleman. His grandfather was a surgeon-major (*chirurgien-major*) in the French army, at the conquest of Corsica, whose services were rewarded with the *grand cordon* of St. Michel, a decoration of high distinction, and who in Corsica, contracted a matrimonial alliance with a young lady of noble family. Vivier's father, the eldest-born from this alliance, held for many years an honourable post in France, in the department of Finance.

Eugène, who, when quite a child, a mere *bambino*, displayed a lively disposition and a keen perception of the difference of things, was destined by his parents for the bench, and as soon as he was old enough to learn, was put out to study in that direction. A noble and wealthy kinsman, the Comte Colonna D'Istria, anxious to forward the views of his parents, afforded material aid to young Eugène in his destined career. Meanwhile he was permitted to study music, as a relaxation from his severer pursuits, and the violin was selected as his principal instrument. Apparently better organised to excel as a musician than as a magistrate, Eugène made such rapid progress that in an incredibly short period he could play at sight almost anything placed before him; while already that inventive genius, which afterwards enabled him to make so many new discoveries in the properties of instruments—more especially the horn—manifested itself in endless new effects, to the great astonishment of the most ancient and expert performers on the fiddle, who straightway went forth and proclaimed young Vivier a prodigy. And a prodigy he truly was—that is inasmuch as his precocious knowledge of so difficult an instrument was concerned; but in what related to the study of the law, beyond the comprehension of the first principle, *meum et tuum*, he had not advanced a step. His backwardness in this respect was a sad disappointment to his parents, and particularly to his kind friend, the Comte Colonna d'Istria, who had indulged in the most extravagant hopes of the eminence his young protégé was destined at some future period to

attain. Vivier, however, who, then as now, was one of the most merry and fascinating of companions, would sooth their ill temper by some humorous remark, some witty rejoinder, or some philosophical axiom, turned in so original a manner that nothing could resist it; and thus he was left, unmolested, to employ twelve hours out of the twenty-four in pulling to pieces his violin, and reconstructing it—like the child who breaks the images in a Noah's ark, to see if there be anything inside. Unlike the child, however, Vivier's organ of destruction was balanced by an organ of perception equally strong. In the scattered fragments of wood and catgut, which had once constituted his much loved fiddle, he could discover secrets that, when he had, with infinite pains, restored the instrument to its original shape, enabled him to produce effects altogether opposed to past experience. Out of these his suggestive and far-seeing mind would plan the most original and unprecedented combinations, the realisation and practice of which would occupy and amuse him for weeks, until, wearied by familiarity, he would once more break his fiddle into pieces, concoct new wonders, and put them into execution with the same ready felicity. Being even more a musician than a mechanic, and more a poet than either, Vivier did not rest satisfied with the bare result of his experiments. It was not enough for him to know that certain sounds could be produced, and certain effects contrived, which had been previously unsuspected by violinists. He was eager to apply his discoveries to the legitimate purposes of art. With the breath of his imagination he swept the chords of the dumb fiddle, twisted by his ingenuity into another shape than its own, and gave birth to melodies and harmonies that filled the warm atmosphere of Ajaccio with dulcet and unaccustomed noises. In the early dawn, when spring decked the fields and hedges with primroses and wild blossoms of every scent and hue, Vivier, always an early riser (at that period), would awaken the birds to their orisons by a music softer and sweeter than their own. In the hot noon, when the summer sun made the ploughman sweat and the cattle seek shelter in the shadow of the woods, Vivier, concealed in the thick branches of some many-armed tree, would lighten the toil of the herdsman, by a music so strangely harmonious, that the bees left their honey-seeking, the May-flies their courting, and sat upon the leaves to listen. In autumn, when leaves began to fall, and the verdure ripened into brown and yellow tints, Vivier would pass the live-long day in the woods with a few bunches of grapes and a bottle of spring water for his sole repast, imitating the song of the west wind, as it moaned in the melancholy pine, with such closeness and felicity, that the wind, astonished at hearing a voice so like its own, stopped blowing for a while; but the motionless leaves and branches soon explained the trick, and the vexed zephyr, enraged at the delusion practised on her, blew with redoubled fury, while Vivier, charmed with his success, mingled his laughter with the voice of the wind, until the branch on which he was rocking to and fro would well-nigh break with the irregular weight that swayed it. [We state this on the authority of certain inhabitants of Ajaccio, who, be it understood, are given to superstition, have faith in spirits, and suppose the woods and meadows to be filled with nymphs and fawns. The peasants conscientiously believed Vivier to be no less than the god Pan, who, for certain inscrutable reasons had revisited earth in the shape of a fiddler, abandoning his pipes for fear of recognition.]

Thus would Vivier spend his days, in the sylvan and hilly vicinities of Ajaccio—unless when there might be a storm or a hurricane; then he would hie him to the sea-shore, and seated on a cliff, mock at the fury of the waves, until the rage of the

elements subsided, and no other noise interfering, he would draw from the strings of his violin (with the simple aid of his fingers—for Vivier rarely used the bow), a kind of hymn of thanksgiving in divers parts, which the labourer, issuing from his hut to weep over the ravages of the tempest, would mistake for some celestial harmony, and cross himself with penitent humility. In the summer and autumn nights, when the moon dispensed her sly soft beams, like the smiles of some bashful girl, Vivier, restless and sleepless, would wander about the silent streets, or thread the dark and winding lanes, driving slumber from the fairest eyes, by the plaintive and touching strains of his voice and instrument—for be it known, that, if as a fiddler Vivier could emulate Pan, as a singer he could rival Apollo, in the fond credulity of the romantic maidens of the city of Ajaccio and its environs. In the cold and gloomy winter, which is colder and gloomier in Corsica than in less genial climes, Vivier, like a bird of summer, would disappear and be no more seen in his favourite haunts. How he employed his time, however, may easily be guessed. His hours were devoted to study and contemplation, and it was what he had acquired with diligent assiduity in the winter recess, that, in spring and summer and autumn, was the charm of town and country, and morn and noon and night, filled the air with dirges and serenades and cradle songs and hymns.

One fine day, however, when the summer-sun was at its fiercest, and the full luxuriance of vegetation laded the atmosphere with perfumes that made the senses ache, those strange and errant melodies were no longer heard, that music so much loved was silent. The breezes and birds and insects were left to sing their daily concert, unmolested and alone. That mocking, kindly, tristful, and harmonious spirit had taken wing for another sphere. Vivier, determined to travel and see the world, had quitted Corsica for ever. Music in Ajaccio was dumb.

(To be continued.)

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.

THE sixth and last of these instructive performances took place on Friday evening, the 24th ult., at St. Martin's Hall, before a crowded audience. As we have already said so much of the design of M. Billet in giving his illustrations of the pianoforte, and of the competent manner in which he has carried his design into execution, we shall, on the present occasion, instead of advancing any further opinions of our own, quote those of some of our cotemporaries, beginning with the *Morning Post*, a journal which has already, more than once, paid a just compliment to the talent and spirit of M. Billet:—

"M. Billet, a sterling, legitimate pianist of the very best school, has been delighting and instructing the public by a second series of classical chamber concerts at the above hall, the last of which took place on Friday evening last. The concert-giver has, in the course of the series, proved himself to be familiar with the highest class of pianoforte works, and, by his admirable execution of them, has fully maintained the excellent reputation he has for some time enjoyed, both on the Continent and in England. The programme of Friday night included a grand sonata, in E flat, by Steibelt; a selection from studies by F. Hiller, Henselt, Chopin, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn; and the grand sonata in B flat, op. 106, by Beethoven. The latter work derived additional importance from the fact of its never before having been performed in public, at least in this country. Its extreme length, not to speak of its difficulty, had deterred most pianists from attempting it. Great honour, therefore, is due to M. Billet for the spirit he displayed in being the first to introduce so admirable a composition to the general public, and the truly artistic manner in which he rendered its manifold beauties."

The *Daily News*, in an excellent article on the second concert, joins to its praises of M. Billet, a warm and well merited eulogium on the second pianoforte sonata of Mr. Macfarren, * a work that deserves to be more generally known by pianists:—

"M. Alexander Billet, a pianist of distinguished ability, is giving a series of concerts of classical pianoforte music in St. Martin's Hall, consisting of pieces for the pianoforte alone, selected from the works of the greatest pianoforte composers from the time of Bach and Scarlatti to the present day. At the concert of last night, M. Billet performed Sonatas by Woelfl, Haydn, and Macfarren; Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor; preludes and fugues by Scarlatti, Bach, and Mendelssohn, and a selection of Modern Studies by Chopin, Henselt, Stephen Heller, and Sterndale Bennett. He showed himself to be a highly accomplished performer, extensively acquainted with the styles of the different composers, and possessed of a firm hand, freedom of execution, and variety of expression. One of his most effective performances was Macfarren's Sonata in A major, a beautiful work, which entitles its author to a place amongst the greatest writers for the pianoforte. It is regular and symmetrical in structure, clear in its design, rich in harmony, and full of flowing and graceful melodies. One of the movements, a short scherzo, is remarkable for the originality of its subject; and the finale, in the style of a rapid Neapolitan *Tarantella*, is in the highest degree brilliant and animated. This masterly piece ought to be in the hands of every amateur of the pianoforte.

"The room was crowded, and it was gratifying to observe the attention and interest with which so large an audience listened to instrumental music of such a severe and classical character."

The *Times*, in the same spirit, enters more at length into the subject. We quote the whole article:—

M. Billet has given the sixth and last of his interesting performances at St. Martin's hall. Perhaps on no former occasion has the pianoforte been so comprehensively illustrated in a continuous series of concerts. M. Billet has played specimens of every composer of eminence belonging to what is termed the classical school, from the earliest times until the present day. Out of a list of 26 names he has not omitted one. During the series he has revived many *chefs d'œuvre* which had fallen into undeserved neglect, and has brought them so favourably into notice that they are not likely again to be forgotten lightly. Among the most remarkable of these may be mentioned Dussek's *Farewell to Clementi*, Pinto's sonata in A major, and Dussek's *Elegy on the death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia*, all doubly attractive, as works of the highest genius and as stepping-stones in the history and progress of the art. Had M. Billet done no more than restore these fine compositions to public notice, he would have rendered an essential service to good taste; but he has successfully illustrated every master of renown; and the catalogue of works he has presented during six performances would alone be enough to afford to any one anxious for knowledge an excellent idea of the genius and style of all the great composers for the pianoforte, from Handel, Scarlatti, and Sebastian Bach, down to Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn.

"At the last *soirée* M. Billet introduced a beautiful sonata of Steibelt in E flat, dedicated to Madame Bonaparte—a work full of fancy and genuine melody, with ideas enough to furnish materials for twenty of the current fantasias of the day. He also played a chain of modern studies, from Ferdinand Hiller, Henselt, Chopin, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn; two of which—those of Henselt and Chopin—he was compelled to repeat. The grand feature of the concert was Beethoven's sonata in B flat, Op. 106—the longest and one of the most original and extraordinary pieces ever written for the instrument. The difficulties of this work, which was composed at a late period of Beethoven's career, are so enormous, that no pianist has ventured before to attempt it in public. M. Billet, however, has had the courage to make the essay; and though the performance took up more than half an hour, the audience listened to it with marked attention throughout, and applauded each movement with enthusiasm. The finale, especially, containing an

elaborate fugue in three parts, many points of which are so widely dispersed that it is almost impossible for the hands to grasp them simultaneously, demands prodigious mechanical powers. But M. Billet found both fingers and intelligence for the task, and executed the finale with unflagging spirit and decision, never once abating, for his own convenience, the rapid *tempo* indicated by the composer.

"We have bestowed some attention on these concerts, since we esteem them among the most instructive and interesting that have been given for many years in illustration of the pianoforte. If M. Billet proceed boldly in the new path he has struck out for himself, he cannot fail to attain a very distinguished position among modern pianists of the classical school. It is worthy noting, in conclusion, that, although himself a composer of ability, M. Billet has modestly refrained from introducing a single production of his own pen during the entire series of illustrations—a piece of self-denial for which we imagine not many precedents could be cited."

We understand that it is M. Billet's intention to give a performance at the New Beethoven Rooms, in the course of which he will introduce some of those pieces which have been most successful during the series of six, at St. Martin's Hall. We think these illustrations of the great piano-forte writers would be attractive at some of the Literary and Philosophical Institutions in London and its vicinity—to say nothing of Manchester and other large towns. Perhaps M. Billet may be persuaded to consider the subject.

APOTHEGMS.

Laws, like the bones of animals, become stronger from having been broken and mended. In this light, the law-breakers are the best law-makers.

DREYSCHOCK.

We learn from our enlightened contemporary, *Punch*, that this eminent performer on an instrument which, from our infancy, we have been accustomed to call the pianoforte, is not a pianist, but a violinist, and, consequently, the marvels of execution with which he is in the habit of astonishing and delighting his enthusiastic auditors are not achieved upon the pianoforte but upon the violin. We are grateful for this unexpected piece of information, which will enable us for the future to steer clear of those confounded mistakes, which, in the multiplicity of our daily and nightly avocations, as musical reporters, it is very natural we should make from time to time. Yet, with the profoundest respect for our deep and subtle contemporary, we are still at a loss to guess how Herr Dreyschock, with all his skill and all his prodigious mechanism, can possibly manage to perform, with only half his complement of fingers, those extraordinary variations on the national anthem, which have excited such universal surprise, on an instrument so very unaccommodating to the grasp and capabilities of a single hand (and that the left hand) as the violin. Perhaps however, *Punch*, who for this discovery merits a musical degree at the university of Oxford, and should be dubbed hereafter *Punch, Mus: Doc*: will, in the heat of his benevolence, and the light of his wisdom, condescend to explain in a future number. Meanwhile we gladly correct our own blunder, and apologise to our readers for having represented Herr Dreyschock as a pianist, when our ears and our eyes, to say nothing of our understanding, should at once have informed us that he was really a fiddler, and played upon a fiddle.

The following is the paragraph in which the erudite Dr. *Punch* discloses this new piece of information to the world:—

"**HERR DREYSCHOCK**, the celebrated VIOLINIST, has been astonishing his audiences by playing 'God save the Queen,' with his left hand.

However wonderful the feat, it has been objected to by a super-loyalist, on the ground of its being after all but a left-handed compliment to the sovereign."

Soliciting the indulgence of our readers for having committed so gross an error as to mistake a violin for a pianoforte we take leave of the subject for the present, and promise to behave better for the future.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Lumley's troupe, already sufficiently strong, has received additional force from the acquisition of Madame Frezzolini, who, on Saturday, in the *Elisir d'Amore*, sustained the part of Adina, and showed herself no less a proficient in comedy than in tragedy. Her performance, both vocally and histrionically, was well sustained throughout. The brilliant qualities of her singing were admirably developed in the duet with Dulcamara, and the cavatina of the second act, each of which won for her the most enthusiastic marks of approval, and in each of which the final movement was unanimously redemanded. In her acting, Madame Frezzolini brought forward with equal prominence the coquettish and the pathetic side of Adina's character.

Calzolari's Nemorino was chiefly made attractive by the admirable taste with which he sang the beautiful aria, "Una furtiva lagrima," which was, perhaps, never encoored with more genuine heartiness.

Lablache's Dulcamara is a gigantic piece of humour and amusing insolence. By such a pleasant and glabritous charlatan one would not be sorry to be duped. The roguish eye, blinking with good humour—the pleasant rotundity, so full of healthy vigour—the smile, at once oily and satirical—the cool impudence with which a scrape is compromised—the self-satisfied egotism with which a mistake is rectified—the physiognomy, shining with quackish effrontery and undeniable good-living—constitute an *ensemble* of unctuous drollery, inimitable waggishness, and exquisite caricature which is not to be resisted. And then the voice, which fills the whole theatre with peals of resonant melody, vigorous and mellow as they are bulky and commanding; musical thunder is the only fit epithet by which to apostrophise it. Alas! if ever Lablache should leave us—which we fondly trust he will never—who is great enough to fill the place he now occupies!

Belletti's Belcore cannot be too warmly commended as a careful and effective performance. Mr. Lumley has not, in his whole company, a more zealous and useful artist than Signor Belletti, whose singing may always be accepted as a model of correctness.

The opera was altogether well played. Balfe, whose orchestra shows nightly marks of improvement, was in great force, and conducted with the utmost vigour and discretion. The audience were in excellent humour, and recalled Madame Frezzolini and the other principals several times during the evening.

On Tuesday the same opera was repeated, and the Nepaulese princes, in one of the first tier boxes, arrayed in all the magnificence of their national costume, with diamonds in their head-dress, the worth of which was estimated by a learned jeweller, who sat near us, at 180,000*l.* sterling, were the objects of incessant curiosity to the audience. The three princes are apparently very young, and have a certain expression of stolidity in their countenance which partakes largely of the Cochin-Chinese. Mr. Lumley's attention to the young scions of Eastern royalty was marked and unremitting.

On Thursday the entertainments were varied and lengthy,

after the manner of "long Thursdays" in general. A mere list of the entertainments will suffice to give some idea of the copious richness of the bill of fare. Bellini's *Sonnambula*, for the last time, with the delightful Sontag, the energetic Sims Reeves, and the careful Belletti; a scene from Paul Taglioni's popular ballet of *Thea*, in which the charming Marie executed one of her prettiest and most characteristic pas, assisted by those four veritable graces of choregraphic art (if four graces may be allowed, even in metaphor), Julien, Lamoreux, Ausundon, and Rosa; some selections from the last act of *L'Elisir*, in which Frezzolini, Calzolari, and Lablache appeared; a scene from *Guillaume Tell*, with the grand trio, or rather the slow movement from the grand trio, for Baucarde, Coletti, and Lorenzo; and, to crown all, the new *divertissement*, entitled *Les Graces*, in which Carlotta Grisi, the Queen, was diviner, Amalia Ferraris more iron and "pointed," Marie Taglioni more winning and youthful than ever. Such was the programme, and such being the programme, was it to be wondered at that the house was crowded to the ceiling?

By the way, in speaking of *Les Graces*, on various occasions, we have endeavoured to do justice to the fertile invention of M. Paul Taglioni, to the sparkling characteristics of Signor Pugn's music, and to the talents of the executants, Carlotta Grisi and her satellites. We have as yet, however, failed to apostrophise in due terms of eulogy the invaluable services of M. Gosselin, that able and experienced professor, who has had the trouble of getting up all the choregraphic entertainments at Her Majesty's Theatre for many years, and whom Perrot was wont to designate his "right hand." M. Gosselin's zeal and indefatigability cannot be too highly lauded. Although his labours are wholly behind the curtain, and his name does not prominently appear in the bills, it is but truth to say that, without his assistance, it would have been impossible for Mr. Lumley to produce such a rapid succession of attractions in the ballet department as he has been enabled to do for years past. M. Gosselin not only trains the *coryphées* and subordinates, but assists at the studies of the principal dancers, who on all occasions eagerly adopt his advice and suggestions. A more useful officer than M. Gosselin is not to be found in the service of Her Majesty's Theatre, and we are glad to take this opportunity of making his merits known.

While on the subject of *Les Graces* we may quote the *compt rendu* of that elegant *divertissement* which has appeared in the pages of a weekly cotemporary:—

"Thursday, the 4th of May, was rendered memorable by the first execution of a new *pas de trois* for the three principal *dansseuses* of the establishment, Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, and Amalia Ferraris. Since the famous *Pas de Quatre*, no feat of choregraphic art has been produced which can at all approach, in grace of invention and prodigies of execution, this new composition of M. Paul Taglioni, which is appropriately entitled *Les Graces*. The *divertissement* commences with a series of beautiful groupings, by the nymphs attendant upon the Graces, which gives way to the simultaneous *entrée* of the three goddesses, who, in a characteristic *adagio*, exhibit all the varieties of *pose* which classic art, in sculpture and painting, has attributed to the fabled Graces. The drapery in which the charming *dansseuses* are enveloped adds decency to every motion, without diminishing one atom of the attraction. The *adagio* is succeeded by a *suite* of three *pas seuls*, in which each of the dancers displays, in a variety of quick and animated steps, the elasticity of her feet, the strength, *aplomb*, and agility of her execution. Marie Taglioni exults in those joyous bounds for which she has been noted; Amalia Ferraris astonishes by the wonderful firmness of her *pointes*, the rapidity of her *entrechats*, and the perilous height of her leaps; Carlotta Grisi combines with a number

of twinkling steps, betraying the most finished art, numberless feats of mechanism, which, from the ease of their accomplishment, become no longer surprising, and that inimitable grace and child-like abandon which is the distinguishing trait of her exquisite talent. Each of the Graces was applauded to the echo in her variation; but, if the word must be spoken, it was Carlotta who "bore away the bell." She never danced more beautifully since she first set her small and symmetrically-formed foot—a foot that would have found Cinderella's glass slipper too large—on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, the scene of so many of her triumphs. The *coda*, in which all three danseuses are busily engaged in a quick revolving step, brought the *pas de trois* to a brilliant climax, and worked up the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Never was success more decided, or more amply merited.

Carlotta "bore away the bell." We like the expression, both for its truth and its poetical applicability. Carlotta always "bore away the bell," no matter who were her competitors, and always will, as long as youth and health allow her to dance and enchant the world.

The second grand concert for the season was given on Monday morning, in presence of a crowded and fashionable audience. Although not deficient in points of interest, the programme was inferior to that of the first. There was no *pièce de résistance*, no grand composition, to break the monotony of a lengthy succession of vocal *morceaux*, few of which bore the stamp either of novelty or musical excellence, and thus, while the performance took up less time than on the former occasion, it was infinitely more prolix.

As far as names went the entertainment was attractive enough, since every member of the company was more or less engaged. The delightful talent of Madame Sontag was exhibited in a variety of pieces, the most striking of which was the "Ab, vous dirai-je, maman?" with Adam's variations and the flute *obligato* of Remusat. We have already spoken in befitting terms of this finished and brilliant vocal display, which on Monday, as at Madame Puzzi's concert, created the greatest enthusiasm, and was followed by an encore too genuine and unanimous to be declined. Madame Frezzolini, too, sang with charming effect in the popular cavatina from Ricci's *Il Colonnello*, the *rondo finale* from Donizetti's *Betty*, and a Russian ballad about the nightingale, called "Zolovoi," which was given in the original language. The last, a catching specimen of national melody, was rendered by Madame Frezzolini with the utmost spirit, and in the cadences the strength and purity of the upper notes of her voice were shown to eminent advantage. This, also, met with a hearty and spontaneous encore. Miss Catherine Hayes, in a new ballad, "The joy of tears," composed for her by Mr. Balfe, was honoured by a similar compliment. The ballad is in its composer's happiest manner, the melody being graceful and touching, while the accompaniments are appropriately simple, never interfering with the vocal effect. Miss Hayes sang it with perfect taste, and indeed nothing could better suit her voice and style of singing which are peculiarly adapted to expressive subjects. A chorus of Glück, "Le Dieu de Paphos," in which the principals took part, was well executed, but beyond a pretty tune there is nothing at all remarkable in the music. Surely something more important might have been selected as an illustration of the style of this great master. Still more unfortunate were some fragments from the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, which, besides being very imperfectly executed, were not in the least calculated to give a correct notion of the merits of the composition from which they were abstracted. We strongly object to the custom of taking "bits" out of great works, which can only be properly appreciated when performed entire. A miscellaneous selection

of pieces by Mdle. Parodi, Madame Giuliani, Mdle. Ida Bertrand, Signori Baucaude, Calzolari, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, Lablache, F. Lablache, Mr. Sims Reeves, &c., none of which demand special notice, completed the vocal department of the programme. The splendid performances of Mr. Thalberg on the pianoforte lent a seasonable relief. The first essay of the great pianist was his fantasia on *L'Elisir d'Amore*, which being loudly redemanded, he played the latter part of his *Masaniello*; the second was his fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia*, which afforded equal pleasure, although, coming so late in the concert, it was not encored. In both pieces Mr. Thalberg displayed that wonderful strength and finish of execution in which he has never been surpassed.

One of the most interesting features of the whole concert was Mendelssohn's imaginative and masterly overture to the *Isles of Fingal*, effectively played by the band under the able conduct of Mr. Balfe. This fine composition, even had the concert been less attractive, would have served as a satisfactory apology for a multitude of shortcomings.

Among the audience was observed the celebrated Madame Pasta, who is in London on a short visit.

Meanwhile, the whole talk of musical London is the forthcoming opera of *La Tempesta*. Halevy and Scribe, composer and author, are both here, and the preparations are going on rapidly, though steadily. It is a pity Shakspeare himself cannot be here, to look on. Mr. Marshall is said to have surpassed himself—no easy matter, by the way. The opera is positively announced for Thursday in the next week. It is to be hoped, for the sake of all parties, that it may be triumphantly successful.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE second performance of the *Roberto il Diavolo*, on Saturday night, was in every respect so superior to the first, that the latter might be considered as a mere stage rehearsal. Indeed, the audience were fully sensible of the difference between the two performances, and in place of the half-cold reception awarded to the opera on Thursday, it created a *furor*. Now, many causes combined to produce this result. The chorus felt more at ease, and were steadier and more decided. The first act especially was infinitely better sung throughout. Grisi, Tamberlik, and Formes had each and all gained strength and confidence from experience. The Alice of the "Diva" abounds in manifold and intense beauties.

A great improvement was manifested in Tamberlik, who, weak and hesitating occasionally on the Thursday, came out transcendently on the second night. He was frequently cheered by the whole house. His performance of Robert is a masterpiece.

In Formes, too, we espied evident signs of amelioration. The great German basso is too real an artist not to believe his performance capable of improvement, and too wise not to follow the advice of those who, he must know, have no wish but to set him right. Of Formes' conception of Bertram there can be but one opinion—that it was noble and true; but fault has been found with the manner of realizing his conception. The motions and attitudes which were considered by many extravagant and *outré*, were softened down on Saturday, and the embodiment of the character appeared doubly powerful and real in consequence. Exuberance is the only fault of Formes—but it is a fault not infrequently allied to the brightest intelligence. We have little doubt that the great German basso will soon get rid of this drawback altogether.

The general performance was a great advance on the first. Several *morceaux* which passed off without a hand on Thursday were received with enthusiasm on Saturday. Seldom has there been heard within the walls of a theatre singing to equal that of the grand trio in the last act on Saturday, by Grisi, Tamberlik, and Formes. It was a splendid performance, and brought down the house with an explosion of applause.

We are glad to find that Mr. Costa has shortened the opera by at least half an hour. This may be reckoned among the decided improvements. Four hours and a half of music, however interesting, is somewhat too long. They seem to have a leaning to these prolix entertainments in France. John Bull prefers them short and sweet. It must not be forgotten that our operas are given in the summer months, while the musical season on the continent mostly takes place in the winter. Certainly the heat at present is sufficient to produce lassitude. Therefore we say Mr. Costa accomplished a decided improvement in the performance of the *Roberto*, when he shortened it by half an hour.

The third performance of the *Roberto il Diavolo* on Tuesday was confirmation strong of the preceding night's success. The opera went off with immense *eclat*.

Thursday was a sad and a joyful night for the Royal Italian Opera. Sad, because it brought us the prince of musical mountebanks, Verdi, the Jew-Peter *tonans*; and joyful, inasmuch as it restored to our longing eyes and wishful ears one of the greatest masters of song that ever adorned the lyric stage. Last week, or the week previously, we hinted what a pity it was that Ronconi should have fixed upon one of Verdi's operas for his *rentrée*. And yet, upon consideration, we think it something hard to blame him. Utterly destitute of music as is the opera *Nabucodonosor*, *Nabucco*, *Nino*, or *Anato*—for in all these names does Verdi's work rejoice—meagre and ill-constructed as is the plot, it contains some situations powerful enough to exhibit the finest talent of a tragedian to the greatest advantage, far more powerful, indeed, than could be found in the majority of the works of the dramatic masters. It was, of course, Ronconi's desire to display his capabilities in the most favourable light, and as *Nabucco*, *Nino*, or *Anato*, dramatically, if not musically, fitted his genius to a T, he made choice of that opera. He was also aware that unless he appeared in that particular opera on his opening night, there would be but little chance of its subsequent production. Nor shall we bestow any blame on Ronconi for not making choice of a more legitimate work for his reappearance, when we remember that all the principal parts of the operas of Mozart, Rossini, and others, are at present in such safe custody with Tamburini, that they stand but little chance of being resigned to anybody else. Considering all things, therefore, we cannot censure to any great extent Ronconi for making Verdi's opera the vehicle for his opening display.

When Verdi wrote the *Nabucco*, he had evidently *Semiramide* in one eye, and *Mosé in Egitto* in the other. (Friend Punch would here exclaim, "It was all—my eye" with him.) Had he kept the music in his hearing as well as he seems to have kept the stories in his sight, it might have been all the better for his reputation. Young, uneducated, imprudent, and fatuous, he determined to pluck the dramatic crown from Rossini and to place it on his own head. His own drama should have read him a severe lesson. The impious *Nabucco* insisted on his godship, and was struck blind for his temerity. Verdi undoubtedly imitated, or attempted to imitate Rossini in his so-called grand operas, but it is the imitation of a school-boy who piles up a two-foot wooden house, and fancies

he is building a St. Pauls. Never was writer of operas so destitute of real invention, so deficient in power, or so wanting in the musician's skill. His sole art consists in weaving ballad tunes—we never find any tune in his songs—into choruses, which sung in unison make an immense noise; or in working up a finale by means of a tremendous crash of the brass instruments, the drum, and cymbals, and voices screaming at the top of their register. Strip his finales of their noise and nothing remains—absolutely nothing. The instrumentation is thin, insipid and pointless; the colouring overcharged; the construction feeble; the development puerile. He has not a notion of real effect. But let us turn from unsophisticated brass to unadulterated gold—from Verdi to Ronconi.

The Royal Italian Opera on Thursday evening was filled to overflowing, although we know several who were kept away from the theatre by Verdi. Ronconi was the main attraction. The name of the great little artist is a tower of strength.

We shall say nothing of the music—there being nothing to say. The one solitary encore was achieved by Ronconi and Castellan. The one tune in the opera, the "*Va pensiero*," chorus, failed to elicit an encore, because it was out of place. The audience displayed the best possible taste in overlooking it.

The story of *Nino* must be familiar to our readers, most of whom cannot but remember Fornasari in the hero, to say nothing of Coletti's later performances.

Anato, or Nino, is a regal tyrant of Assyria, who would enslave the whole Babylonian race, and who carries his tyranny, or madness, so far, that he insists upon being worshipped as a god. He is struck with lightning for his impiety, and loses his reason. A slave, his supposed daughter, obtains possession of the throne, and imprisons him. The Assyrians break into his prison and rescue him, and he eventually becomes a good old man.

In the earlier scenes Ronconi assumed the imperiousness and mingled dignity of the tyrant with admirable tact. His splendid acting, although he had but little to do, and energetic singing, despite his having nothing to sing, won him an enthusiastic recall when the curtain fell.

The second act contains the scene in which Anato is struck with lightning for his impiety. We never witnessed any acting more powerfully impressive throughout—more instinct with genius—than that of Ronconi in this scene. The defiant air and haughty bearing yielding to the sudden prostration of mind and body, as he fell, stunned by the requiting flash, into the arms of an attendant, and awoke to life, half-maniac, half-penitent, was portrayed with a reality absolutely fearful. Every look, motion, and attitude combined to form one of the grandest pictures of overwhelming passion ever seen. The poverty of the music was completely lost sight of in this stupendous exhibition of art. Despite of Ronconi's deficiencies of voice, his singing is scarcely inferior to his acting. Few singers we have heard can produce more wonderful effects by phrasing, or by contrasting the *piano* with the *forte* tones. Ronconi, more than any other singer, reminds us of Malibran in that abandonment to the feeling of the moment which seems to set aside singing as a vehicle for display, and to treat it as a language which expresses the more as it is less circumscribed by the niceties of rule. Nor does this prove that Ronconi cannot sing when mere singing is required. No vocalist can infuse more pathos and expression into his tones, nor sing with more indication of every requisite of art in its highest province. True, Ronconi is not gifted with a beautiful organ, powerful, or of great compass; but he possesses what few barytones

can boast of—high notes resembling a tenor's of a peculiar quality, and a *mezza voce* singularly effective. The manner in which Ronconi modulates his voice from the *fortissimo* to the *pianissimo* is one of the most extraordinary things we have heard in singing. Indeed, the only thing we know to which it may be compared is Ernst's violin playing.

Need we say that Ronconi created a perfect *furor* in this scene, and was recalled at the end with every demonstration of enthusiasm.

The third act does not offer such fine opportunities for the artist as the second. Nevertheless, Ronconi accomplished some grand things, vocally and dramatically, in both his scenes. His superb singing and acting in the duet, "O di qual onta," won the only encore of the evening. We could point, also, to the cabaletta of this duet, in which Anato entreats Abigail to spare his daughter's life, as a transcendent display; as well as the whole of the last scene, which is worked up with prodigious power. Enough to say, Ronconi achieved one of the greatest triumphs in the chronicles of the Royal Italian Opera.

Madame Castellan wins her way nightly, and has made immense improvement since last year. Her performance of Abigail was in every respect admirable. Her recitative in the beginning of the second act, dramatically considered, was the best thing she ever did. It occasionally approached the borders of inspiration. She was more than once recalled.

Tamberlik had but little to do; but his magnificent voice came out more powerful and brilliant than ever in the *finales*.

Mademoiselle Vera made an interesting Fenena, and Tagliacico gave the music of the High Priest with graphic power.

The dresses and *mise en scène* were splendid, but we detected the carpenters laying an embargo on *Semiramide* and *Zora*. In this they only imitated Verdi.

An act from *Lucrezia* and an Act from *Zara* followed, and made a real "long Thursday."

To-night the *Huguenots*; and on Tuesday Ronconi will appear in the second act of *Anato* and as Figaro in *Il Barbiere*. Mario plays the Count in the last opera and Castellan, Rosina.

On Thursday, perhaps, we may have *Don Giovanni*.

MARIO AND TAMBERLIK.

(From a Correspondent.)

MARIO's, as a tenor voice, seems to me unrivalled for its astonishing breadth, purity, and sweetness. His register, tending down to the bass, perhaps more than almost any tenor voice ever heard, combines, in the most eminent degree, the majesty and pathos of the barytone voice with the intense feeling, beauty, and flexibility of the tenor. Take him in a character requiring heroism, and he sings with a breadth, boldness, and energy which is truly grand. Take him as a lover, his voice is pathos and purity itself, without for a moment degenerating into mawkishness or an overstrained sentimentality: the beautiful and perfectly smooth junction of his natural and falsetto voice is here shown with that consummate art, that it must be a highly-educated ear which is sensible of the exact boundary line of the two.

As an actor, he is the most polished gentleman I have seen either on or off the stage: he never degenerates into rant, and is as far from any coarseness or vulgarity as light from dark. All this must require a most superior physical and mental organisation, which he certainly possesses in an eminent degree.

His style of singing is chaste and severe; and he, of all tenor singers, is the least addicted to clap-trap, which he seems never to condescend to, feeling the consciousness of his immense real and legitimate resources.

Tamberlik, the new tenor of the Covent Garden Opera, whose style and voice are of totally different character, appears to be the only contemporaneous tenor who has in any way rivalled the incomparable Mario. Their styles are, however, so different that,

whilst they may be equals, they are both masters of their own model and originality.

I should describe Tamberlik's singing as mystic, subtle, and insinuating. His voice, contrary to Mario's, appears to have its great distinguishing features towards the treble, where, in astonishing force, I should think it was never exceeded, if equalled. It is of a metallic, and at the same time of a silvery, tone, which, aided by the self-possessed subtlety of his singing, and his strong and intense, but at times internal rather than external, dramatic feeling, creates an indescribable fascination in the hearer that amounts to necromancy, so that you could almost imagine that the fiend was sent on earth to tempt you with sweet sounds. His singing is of a most thrilling character, which seems to creep stealthily throughout your whole nervous system; to keep him at bay seems impossible, for though, like the serpent's prey, you would avoid him, he so fascinates that you abandon yourself to his mercy.

His style of singing appears to me most artful. He is so cool, and so well aware of his amazing powers, that he opens with a sort of tantalizing apathy and calmness which may, at the first, disappoint, while it is in reality rivetting your attention and expectation. You wonder what this mysterious and quiet opening portends; he gradually unfolds himself by insensible degrees, until an encore is extorted from the audience; then the lion begins to lash his tail; he is roused, and shakes his mane, and casts his apparent apathy on one side; then you hear him roar with terrific roar; you know and feel his mighty power; henceforth he has all his own way; you are powerless when he lashes out in his magnificent rage; when his shrill cry outvies and overtops the mighty mass of concerted music, and is heard above the thundering tones of the great basses and barytones—above the lark-like notes of the sopranos—then he strikes lightning into your very soul!

You have now seen and heard him—you are unable to explain why he holds your feelings as if with the iron grip of a vice—why your heart craves to be again fascinated—why his shrill tones ring in your ear, and the mind feels as if there was some mysterious *diablerie*—some demoniacal charm—about his unearthly cry, against which no sound, however mighty, can prevail.

Strange to say, in some portions of the voice, if a person was suddenly dropped, blindfold, into the middle of the open house, they would declare that Alboni was singing, if they had not heard Tamberlik before; whilst, if they had heard both, they would be equally puzzled to tell which of the two it might be—the compliment to either artist would be undoubtedly great—the same thrilling lusciousness, or both, in this of Tamberlik's portion of the voice.

In the lower part of the voice you do not get that magnificent breadth, volume, and distinctness which you have in Mario. The tones appear indistinct, and somewhat muffled, and you feel that all he does is of heavy calibre; still you arrive at the conclusion that to attain one beauty or distinguishing characteristic you must sacrifice another, and that there is no such thing as perfection in any one artist, however great.

Altogether, then, in attempting to make any comparison of these two inimitable tenors, I should say, in looking at their respective voices as a whole, that Mario's is a more perfect voice, for it is literally perfect throughout, whilst Tamberlik's cannot be said to be so.

Tamberlik's singing is thoroughly dramatic; the stage must be his great stronghold.

But their voices and their dramatic styles are so totally different, and yet both so great and original, that I shall not attempt to enter into any closer comparison.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second performance of *Israel in Egypt*, and the last of the present season, on Friday night, the 24th., attracted a crowded audience to Exeter Hall. The solo singers were Misses Birch, Eliza Birch, and Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, H. Phillips, and Machin. The performance, on the whole, is one of the best we have ever heard of this most elaborate of oratorios.

This season thus terminated has been one of considerable interest as regards the performances of the Sacred Harmonic

Society. It began in November, 1849, with a revival of *Solomon*, one of the later works of Handel, followed by three performances of the *Messiah*, the customary number in the Christmas week. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* opened the new year, and was also given three times, the last at the desire of Prince Albert. It was in this great work that Miss Catherine Hayes and Herr Formes made their first appearance at the concerts of the society. Herr Paul Mendelssohn, brother of the composer, was present at the last two performances of *St. Paul*, and highly complimented the committee on the manner in which the oratorio had been executed. *St. Paul* was succeeded by Handel's *Saul*, which had not previously been attempted by the society for six years. *Saul*, like *Solomon*, though containing some of Handel's most ingenious, characteristic, and splendid choruses, was found prolix by the majority of the audience, owing to the excessive quantity of recitatives and airs, and the formless insipidity of the hooks. Neither of these oratorios can acquire the popularity to which their merits entitle them, until they have been curtailed in this department by some judicious hand. Handel was fettered in his day by the jealousies and caprices of contemporary singers, for each of whom he was compelled to write special airs; but, as these potential ladies and gentlemen of the vocal art have long been gathered to their ancestors, there can be no profanity now in lightening Handel's oratorios of some of the dead weight with which their vanity encumbered them. It may be mentioned here that *Saul* was presented on this occasion by the Sacred Harmonic Society precisely after Handel's score, which is fuller and more varied in the instrumental accompaniments than most of his oratorios. For this excellent idea, we believe, the subscribers were indebted to Mr. Costa. After *Saul* came Haydn's *Creation*, which in its turn, gave place to a very interesting miscellaneous concert, consisting of the same composer's *Third Mass*, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*. Mendelssohn's work, produced for the first time, pleased unanimously, and is likely to be a strong feature in future miscellaneous concerts. The *Messiah* was repeated, as usual, in Passion week, and was succeeded by three performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which were among the most lucrative and successful ever given by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The two recent performances of Handel's *Israel*, which is rapidly approaching the *Messiah* itself in popularity, brought the season to a close with the greatest *éclat*.

In reviewing the prospectus issued previous to the commencement of the season, we find that every work promised has been duly brought forward, a fact which cannot but exercise a beneficial influence on future subscriptions. The immense improvement in the band, chorus, and general *ensemble* since Mr. Costa was appointed conductor is a matter of notoriety. There is still, however, room for amendment in certain departments of the orchestra, and some expedient is absolutely essential to insure a greater degree of steadiness in the unwieldy mass of chorus, a large number of whom, from the manner in which they are placed on either side of the organ, can obtain but an imperfect glimpse of the conductor, while the two divisions at the extremities can neither see nor hear each other. This, in the grand double choruses of Handel and Mendelssohn, is worse than an inconvenience; it is a stumbling-block in the way of perfect execution. We are much gratified to learn, however, that the committee have some important plans under consideration for improving the acoustical capabilities of the building. According to these plans, the roof is to be raised, the organ—that most obstinate

and gigantic of obstructions—to be thrown back, and the pillars in front of the great gallery removed. There can be little doubt of the vast good that must accrue from these alterations, which, it is anticipated, may be completed before the commencement of next season. The two opposite wings of the chorus will be thereby placed in direct communication with the conductor and with each other, while the sound, freed from obstruction, will henceforth be equally distributed over every part of the building. All thereafter wanted, to insure continued prosperity for the Sacred Harmonic Society, will be a new musical genius to write another *Elijah*. Where such a one is to be found, however, it is difficult to suggest. At present there are no visible signs of any such phenomenon.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE third concert for the present season took place on Saturday morning in the Hanover Square Rooms, and was a decided improvement on the others. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Overture—"Die Elfen."—M.S. C. Steggall.
Choral Song—(full choir.)—"Jog on." Miss Macirone.
Cavatina—"Rose softly blooming." Miss J. Bassano.
(Azor and Zemira.) Spohr.
Duet—"Come be gay." Miss Helen Taylor and Miss
Owen. (Der Freischütz.) Weber.
Concerto No. 1.—Pianoforte. Mr. R. Thomas Mendelssohn.
Romanza—"Cari luoghi." Miss Owen. (Linda di
Chamouni.) Donizetti.
Recit ("Eccomi giunto omai.") Miss Browne. (Il
Aria ("Ah! come rapida.") Crociato in Egitto.) Meyerbeer.
Andante et Rondeau Russe—Violin. Mr. Simmons De Beriot.
Finale to the 1st Act of *Zelmira*.—Principal parts by
Miss Clari Fraser, Miss Owen, Mr. Swift, Mr. W.
Lyon, and Mr. Pollard Rossini.

PART II.

Concertino—(M.S.)—Pianoforte. Miss Woolf Miss Woolf.
Madrigal—"Hence, dull care and sadness." (A.D.
1581.) Gastoldi.
Duet—"Down in our valleys." (M.S.) Miss Helen
Taylor and Miss Owen Pollard.
Song—"Should he upbraid." Mrs. Edward Hancock
Septet in D minor.—(1st movement and Scherzo.)
Pianoforte, Miss Yates. Flute, Mr. E. Card. Oboe,
Mr. Horton. Horn, Mr. Standen. Viola, Mr.
Colchester. Violoncello, Mr. Aylward, and Contra-
Bass, Mr. Mount Hummel.
Duet—"Ah! perdona." Miss Clari Fraser and Miss
Young. (La Clemenza di Tito.) Mozart.
Finale to the last Act of "Azor and Zemira." Prin-
cipal parts by Miss Mary Rose, Miss J. Bassano,
Miss Pitt, Mr. Swift, Mr. Wm. Lyon, and Mr.
Pollard Spohr.

Mr. C. Steggall's new overture, *Die Elfen*, both in the character of the principal ideas, and in the manner of their treatment, showed a considerable advance on his previous essay. There can be no doubt of the talent of this gentleman, who, besides great facility, evinces an acquaintance with the art of writing for the orchestra by no means common at his age. What we miss in him is originality—a gift, however, accorded to very few. Mr. Steggall's overture was well played, and much applauded. Miss Macirone's choral song is a composition of merit, but not quite good enough to bear out the promise held forth by some of her earlier efforts. The vocal duet, "Down in our valleys," of Mr. Pollard, was chiefly remarkable for the monotonous repetition of an idea in itself neither attractive nor new. It was, nevertheless, very well sung by Miss Helen Taylor and Owen. The pianoforte concertino of Miss Woolf made up the catalogue of new compositions by students of the institution. We believe this

is Miss Woolf's first effort of the kind. If so, it does her credit, for although it contains nothing either new or striking, and is somewhat meagrely scored for the orchestra, it is effectively written for the pianoforte, and many of the passages are exceedingly brilliant. Miss Woolf, of whose talent as a pianist we have spoken more than once, was her own executant on that occasion. With a great deal of strength and a dashing style of playing, this lady wants both finish of execution and equality of tone. At the same time she is decidedly one of the cleverest pupils at present in the Academy, and is young enough to make amends for all present drawbacks. The warmest applause was bestowed both upon her composition and her playing. Mr. R. Thomas, a very young student, distinguished himself highly by his performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, in which he displayed a power and elasticity of finger, combined with a decision of style, quite remarkable at his age. Mr. Thomas bids fair to become one of the best pianists in the academy, and it is to be hoped that the applause with which his performance was received on Saturday will serve as an inducement to continued exertion. The other instrumental pieces—De Beriot's *Andante et Rondo Russe* for the violin, played by Mr. Simmons, and the first movement and *scherzo* from Hummel's well-known septet in D minor, in which the pianoforte part was sustained by Miss Yates—were neither of them very brilliant exhibitions of talent or promise—Mr. Simmons hardly improves as we could wish. We fear he does not practice with zeal, since his execution, though not wanting in spirit, is deficient in finish. Miss Yates plays neatly, but her tone is very small, and in the *forte* passages we could scarcely hear the pianoforte. On the whole we were not greatly pleased with the execution of the septet; the violoncello was out of tune, the horn by no means correct, and the viola inaudible; the oboë, flute, and double-bass, however, were more up to the mark. In the vocal selection we have nothing to note but the great improvement exhibited by Miss Owen in the *romanza* from *Linda*, "Cari luoghi," and the unpretending manner in which Miss J. Bassano sang "Rose softly blooming," from Spohr's *Azor e Zemira*. The *finales* to the first and second acts of Spohr's *Jessonda*, were well executed. Gastoldi's madrigal, "Hence, dull care," was ill-selected and not particularly well sung. The concert was conducted by Mr. Lucas, and M. Sainton officiated as principal violin in the orchestra. The room was crowded.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.

MESSRS. MACFARREN and LODER gave a combined benefit at this Theatre on Monday evening. The entertainments were unusually attractive. The first act of *King Charles II.*, and the second act of *The Night Dancers*, would of themselves have furnished a most satisfactory entertainment. But, in addition, the brothers *beneficiaires* provided a miscellaneous concert, at once highly spiced and richly varied; and as a dessert to the feast, they superadded one of the smartest farces in the repertory of the theatre. This with an eye to the gods and the devourers of midnight fun.

Of the first act of Macfarren's delightful opera, we can only say it sounded more charming than ever in our ears; that the principal vocalists endeavoured to surpass themselves by their exertions on this interesting occasion; and that the band and chorus were more independent than consisted with the attainment of a perfect performance. Both Miss Louisa Pyne and Madame Macfarren were in excellent voice, and the usual

encores of the favorite *morceaux* followed, as a matter of consequence. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Weiss were unusually good, and Mr. Corri must not be forgotten.

The musical miscellany followed the act of *King Charles the Second*. It commenced with a harp *fantasia*, by Mr. J. Thomas, which was greeted with considerable applause. Next came Sims Reeves, who was received with raptures, and encored with thunders in the "Bay of Biscay," after which he gave "The Death of Nelson," which, being re-encored, he repeated. The audience went into ecstasies.

After Sims Reeves came Ernst, who played the "Carnaval de Venise." At this time the second price was pouring an immense congregation into the pit and galleries. Ernst had unfortunately commenced at a most inauspicious moment, and, although everybody, save the in-comers and down-sitters, was anxious to catch every note of the great violinist, his marvels were lost in the confusion. The performance was cut short by Ernst, who retired amidst roars of applause and cries of encore, but the audience had to expend their breath in vain, and Mr. Loder made an apology.

Mr. Latter sang Loder's bass song, "Philip the Falconer," Miss Birch sang the brilliant mad cavatina "Qui la voce," from the *Puritani*, and Miss Catherine Hayes sang Osborne's charming new ballad "I'll sing to thee." Each of these performances found warm applauders, the last named, perhaps, being most in favor.

Mr. Richardson executed a fantasia on the flute in his usual brilliant style; and Mr. Harrison was encored in his favorite ballad, "Then you'll remember me."

Vivier, the celebrated horn player, excited the utmost astonishment and enthusiasm in a solo on the horn. He played Benedict's beautiful ballad "Scenes of my Childhood," and introduced some of his wonderful effects with double, triple, and quadruple tones. The simplicity and perfect grace with which he mastered the air on his instrument, and the expression with which it was rendered, making it vocal instead of instrumental, was not less surprising than those magical effects, which may be termed sleights-of-hand of playing.

Madame Macfarren displayed her fine contralto voice and energetic style to great advantage in the Page's song in the *Huguenots*. She was greatly applauded.

The concert was brought to a termination by the performance of a MS. quartet for four pianists, composed by Walter Cecil Macfarren. It was splendidly played by Messrs. Osborne, Benedict, Brinley Richards, and W. C. Macfarren. The quartet is a remarkably clever and brilliant composition, and reflects infinite credit on Mr. W. Macfarren's talents.

Of the *Night Dancers* it is sufficient to say that with Mr. Allen, Mr. Corri, Mr. Weiss, Madame Macfarren, and Mdlle. Nau as principals, it passed off with great *eclat*; Mr. Edward Loder, as conductor and composer, coming in for his due share of applause.

The entertainments wound up with the farce of *The First Night*, supported by Miss Louisa Howard, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Wynne.

The theatre was crowded in every part, and we have reason to believe Messrs. Macfarren and Loder reaped an abundant harvest by the results of the performance.

SADLERS WELLS.

YESTERDAY sen'night, (24th ult.), this theatre closed, after a season of the same steady prosperity that has uniformly attended the present management. The Shakesperian revival—*Antony and Cleopatra*—has been eminently successful, and will, we believe, be followed early next autumn by *Timon of*

Athens, one of the greatest efforts of the poet's pen. The season has also presented us with an important accession to the company, in Miss Fitzpatrick, a young lady unquestionably destined to take a high rank in the performance of genteel comedy. Her style is entirely her own. Without much power over the passions, and with the polished elegance of the manners of high life yet to acquire, she has a fund of natural ease, archness and *naïveté*. These qualifications, aided by an open and intelligent countenance, and a laugh of genial and earnest vivacity, have already placed her high in public estimation, and give the most favourable auguries of her future career. The best parts we have as yet seen her in are Helen in *the Hunchback*, and Charlotte in *the Hypocrite*, in both of which she is delightfully easy and true, and we understand that she carries the same graceful geniality of manner into the domestic circle which distinguishes her on the stage.

SONNET.

TO MRS. W. F.

THE summer task is ended—the sweet labour
Thou oft hast heard me speak of, is complete:—
Songs rudely cast for rustic pipe and tabor,
Wild quips, and sportive jests, and fancies, meet
Here in this little book, that at thy feet
Like some meek suppliant lies. O lady fair,
If there be aught within this little tome
Worthy to meet one passing thought of thine,
Thou art the cause—the songs of beauty rare,
The pleasant days passed in thy happy home
Of roses, myrtle, and green eglantine,
Thy smiles—thy sweet fond talk, and angel heart,
And loveliness, and goodness all divine—
These have inspired the poet's gentle art.

LATINE.

*Tandem igitur venit lapsis gratissima rebus,
Et toties votis hora petita meis;
Accipe quod multi mitto tibi pignus amoris,
Carmina perpetui pignus amoris habes.
Carmina missa tibi quæ carmina, quæque poetas,
Diligis, et celebri carmine digna facis.
Musarum studiis, studiis operata Minervæ,
Æde tuâ colitur Phœbus, amatque coli.
Ecce timet, doctasque fores pulsore recusat,
Tincta verecundæ Musa rubore genas.
Me cantata tuas juvat, O pulcherrima, laudes,
Nymphæ nec Aoniis dignior ulla modis,
Quod si quid merui de te bene, si quid amavi,
Vive memor nostri, lux mea, vive memor.*

GERMANICE.

*Jetzt ist mein Werk gethan, das süsse Ziel
Dir nicht ganz unbekannt, ist nun vollendet,
Nur Spass, und Schertz, geringes Musenspiel,
Der Dichter Dir mit diesem Büchlein sendet,
Veracht' es nicht, du wunderschöne Dame,
Das vor den Füßen Dir als Opfer liegt
Wenn nur ein Glanz von heller Geistesflamme
Deiner Anmerkung werth darin sich zeigt
Du hast sie angezündet—deiner Töne
Lieblicher Klang, die Wohnung auch so theuer
Bedeckt mit Rosen, Liben und Reben,
Dein holdes Lächeln, Engels Herz, und schöne
Freundliche Sprache—diese haben Feuer
Glühender Dichterkunst mir oft gegeben.*

[We shall take it as a particular favour, if any of our Correspondents or Readers will oblige us with other versions of the above Sonnet, in French, Italian, German, or whatever language they best know.—Ed. M. W.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have read, with some interest, the correspondence induced by the charge made by Dr. Gauntlett against Handel and others of feloniously stealing, taking, and carrying away, certain inventions of one Pope Gregory.

Dr. Gauntlett, like many other clever men, occasionally holds a peculiar point, which, in this instance is not a very tenable one, for it is absurd to suppose that vast geniuses, such as Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., who could, with facility, produce the most elaborate works, were yet unable to invent a short and simple subject, and that the instant they attempted to do so, these mighty giants should become at once paralysed.

But the assertion requires much stronger proof than a mere coincidence in a short phrase. I will refer to one out of numerous such coincidences that might be adduced, in which Croft, Handel, and Bach, made use of nearly the same subject: Croft, in the first movement of the anthem "God is gone up"; Handel, in the chorus "Then round about the Starry Throne," at the words "and triumph over death"; and Bach, in the beautiful fugue in E major, No. 33, of the 48. Yet we never hear these masters accused of purloining from each other. But even if it were so, has not each produced something totally distinct, both in spirit and treatment? Has not each raised an edifice from the same material, differing altogether in form and style, to which each has given the peculiar impress of his own mind?

I, however, agree to a great extent with the remarks of Dr. Gauntlett on our cathedral music, in his letter of the 26th of February, who therein gives a sly rebuke to those declaimers for what they are pleased to call "the true style of church music," not one of whom has ever been able to define what is meant by "the true style," which, however, must be difficult enough, if not impossible, seeing the almost infinite variety of styles of which church music is made up; unless, indeed, considerable monotony, with occasionally a few crudities, together with the absence of elevation of feeling and thoughtful expression, constitute "the true style."

I would not, for one instant, detract from the great praise which is justly due to the old masters, especially their great contrapuntal skill, which renders many of their compositions masterpieces in that respect; but, nevertheless, the advancement in pure taste and correct expression would, to some extent, seem to unfit certain of their compositions for devotional purposes at the present day; more particularly some of their morning services, in which the frequent perversion of expression, together with false accent, are at times almost as much calculated to excite ideas of the ludicrous as feelings of devotion. But there can be no doubt, that had these authors flourished at a later period, their compositions for the church would have been free from these faults, which occasionally so much disfigure them. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD DEARLE.

M. SILAS AND THE BACH SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—If your amiable correspondent, "D. P." will provide me able vocalists, I will endeavour to gratify his wish to hear a little original melody from my pen. But, sir, if you have reason to doubt the ability of Italian vocalists to render justice to Dr. Spohr's music, which I infer from this sentence—"His music has nothing in common with the Italian opera style; unless carefully prepared, such compositions had better be omitted altogether"—if this be so, then my style of music has little chance of being properly sung by British vocalists, for it is more difficult than Spohr's. In truth, so long as the present methods of singing continue, and the singing masters neglect the higher branches of music, and have so little admiration for the Great Masters, so long will vocal music of a common-place nature be pushed upon the public.

If your correspondent thinks I set little value on the natural voices of our countrymen, he greatly mistakes me; for, on the contrary, I think very highly of their natural voices, and just the very reverse of their artificial voices, by which I mean their trained, or what is falsely called, their educated voices. As a specimen of an artificial voice (and I know of others), let me instance Mr. Swift, who sang "Il mio tesoro" at Miss Bassano's concert. His natural voice (which is excellent) is *baritone*, and yet he is taught to consider it a tenor by his master, notwithstanding that he has not a tenor sound in the whole range of his natural voice! In consequence of his pushing out high sounds, his voice on one occasion gave way. Was this his fault? No, it was his master's, who had not ascertained the quality of Mr. Swift's voice.

One instance of this kind ought to damn any master. Your correspondent seems distressed that I am "determined to be useful," and his *amiable* letter fully explains why he is so; but this will not deter me from doing what I consider a duty. I have the satisfaction to inform him that the few words I said of M. Silas induced that gentleman to call on me to thank me for them, which is a little encouragement for me (with the "well-hated signature") to go on endeavouring to be useful, without regarding the elegant question your correspondent put to the readers of the *Musical World*, viz., "Let me ask you what excuse there can be for obtruding that letter upon the notice of your readers?" I had the pleasure of hearing many of M. Silas's compositions, and (as I expected) they proved to be of a superior class to the fashionable pianoforte music; in fact, I think very highly of his talents and acquirements, and equally well of his unassuming manners and artistic feelings.

Permit me to offer a few words on the letter of a "Member of the Bach Society," who would have cause to complain of me had I none to complain of in him, which is simply that he mistakes the nature of the complaint he urges against me. He writes, "Surely no man has a right to find fault with a society for not departing from their own rules and customs, in order to make him an honorary member." Now, if I gave the society the credit (for so it is considered) for making honorary members, all there is to complain of is, that I have given this society the credit for doing what is usual. But surely this cannot be construed into an offence. Whether the Bach Society do or do not wish me amongst them I know not; but all I can say is, that I wish this great undertaking every success, and nothing will ever escape my lips or pen to induce the members of it to place distrust in the sentiment I here make, and have formerly expressed. I am yours, obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—The letter of "An Organist" ought to be read by every Puseyite minister of the Church of England. We live in odd times, but we would scarcely believe that organists would show up the secret designs of a certain set of clergymen!

SIR HENRY BISHOP AND THE OXFORD PROFESSORSHIP.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

Sir,—Your correspondent, or rather the correspondent of the *Times*, who signs himself "Musicus Oxoniensis," has no occasion to regret the absence of Sir H. Bishop from the chair of his university, if the lectures the professor intends to deliver there contain no more information than those do which he is now delivering at the various institutions in London. I feel that a man in the position of Sir H. Bishop ought to lend his weight to the improvement of the present style of lecturing, and he ought not to yield to the wishes of the managers of those institutions who always impress upon the lecturers the necessity of treating their subject in "a popular form," and to make it "light and amusing." Unknown men cannot resist this; but professors like Sir H. Bishop ought to make a stand, or we shall shortly see in the bills something like this—that "Doctor S. will deliver a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy—Doctor S. will have the honour to appear in the real dress worn by the lamented Joseph Grimaldi as the Clown in *Mother Goose*; and, in the course of the evening, the Doctor will sing the comic song belonging to that character."

I had occasion to write to some friends who were going to hear Sir H. Bishop lecture, and supposing that I might facilitate their arrangements as to the junior branches of the family, who are learning music, I then said, little thinking that I should repeat it in print, "You will be amused, but obtain no information."—Yours, &c.

AP HARRY.

AN IRISH MUSICAL GENIUS.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As musical mysteries are at all times truly tantalising to musical *artistes*, perhaps most especially so when they relate to the discovery of some new meteor in the harmonic horizon, I will now venture to announce the discovery of a promising young *artiste*, and give his name also. In a town not a hundred miles from Belfast, at present sojourns a young *artiste* of the name of Barry. He is, I believe, a native of Bandon, in the south of this

kingdom, and has already earned in his own country a reputation as a pianist and composer. I do not say too much when I assert he is equally at home in interpreting the classical Beethoven, and the unclassical Chopin and Liszt. I recently heard him in private; and, though I have heard some of the "world's renowned," he really charmed and mystified me: he is, indeed, a poet-pianist. In his bravura playing there is a lack of energy, which must be attributed to his exceeding delicacy of constitution, and an excessive nervous temperament. But it is not alone as a performer he is remarkable; he is the author of several really beautiful works for the piano, and he has ventured further—a *Stabat Mater* in full score, and a psalm for double choir, besides overtures for a grand orchestra. When will the time come that talent will not struggle with obscurity, and that *artistes*, great and renowned, will divest themselves of self, and beckon forward the child of genius with artistic love?

Belfast, May 29th.

HENRY G.—

[We are glad to hear this good news, and shall be much pleased to welcome and judge of the abilities of Mr. Barry, of Bandon, when he pays a visit to this metropolis. We trust, however, he will not "mystify" us.—Ed.]

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

IN our last week's notice of the proceedings of Mr. Mitchell's French Opera, we were unable to give any account of the production of *Le Caid*, a *buffe*, or rather burlesque opera, by M. Ambroise Thomas.

The proper understanding of this opera, light and trifling as it may appear, involves all the *savoir* and musical experience of an *habitué* both of the Italian and French Operas. To those who do not know that this music is intended as a direct parody of the Italian school of composition, and that all the vocal eccentricities and exaggerations indulged in by the singers—such as the entire separation of the last syllable from the rest of the word, the tremendous rolling of the letter *r*, &c.—are intended as reproductions of the peculiarities of their Italian brethren, much of this opera must appear flat and pointless. Far from this being the case, it has the rare merit of being full of pretty and original melody, while at the same time the whole work is a keen and telling musical satire.

The story itself presents that piquant assemblage of contrasts, in the groupings of which French librettists are so unrivalled. Oriental cadis and French hair-dressers, ladies in Turkish costume and Parisian *modistes*, drum-majors and swarthy Moors, mutually cause each other to stand out in the strongest relief.

The part of Virginie, the *modiste*, devolved on Madlle. Charton, who, as usual, proved the mainstay of the opera. Her singing in the mock-"grand" trio in the second act displayed a physical power, a flexibility of voice, and a certain breadth of delivery, for which even her previous successes in *Le Domino Noir* and *Les Diamans de la Couronne* had not prepared us; while the *naïve* and serio-comic earnestness of her acting rendered her share of the performance most amusing.

Madlle. Charton's taste in costume must not be forgotten in the list of her manifold perfections. We never remember having seen so thoroughly irresistible a *coiffure* as the cap worn by this lady in her first dress; and we most certainly do not recollect so fascinating a *tout ensemble* as that produced by Madlle. Charton's voice, presence, and acting. Critics' hearts are, or ought to be, of stone; but we must confess that we carry our admiration of this lady to the very utmost verge of the limits prescribed by that cold-blooded philosopher, Plato.

The part of the Tambour-major was entrusted to M. Henri Drayton, a basso-profondo of extreme profundity, whose fine powerful voice and stalwart frame rendered him as "proper" a drum-major as any in the service. This part is one which is certain to be unappreciated everywhere except in France, where the public sympathy for everything military is so intense as to place an entire audience on the *qui vive* the moment a pair of red pantaloons

crosses the stage. In England, however, no such mania prevails, and therefore M. Drayton's solo, principally descriptive of the way in which a French soldier amuses himself on a Sunday, and of the violent affection entertained for that fortunate individual by the whole female sex, went rather heavily. Besides, M. Drayton's *forte* is evidently not the comic; grand French opera appears to us the province in which his fine organ would tell with full effect, and "Piff-paff" the song of songs for him.

M. Lac's hair-dresser-like assumption of gentility was not without merit. His singing, and acting in the admirable trio before adverted to, was excellent. M. Buguet exhibited a great deal of humour as the *Caid*. A M. Devaux, to whom a small part in the beginning of the opera was allotted, appears to us to have the finest bass in the whole *troupe*. The sonorous volume of this gentleman's voice made us regret that some more important part had not been confided to him. M. Chateaufort, as the drunken and avicious intendant, was imitatively humorous. This gentleman is one of the best actors on the French stage.

The getting-up of the piece was extremely creditable to those concerned therein.

In taking leave of this company, we do so with the ardent wish that no great space of time may elapse before that most spirited of *entrepreneurs*, Mr. Mitchell, may again favour us with another series of Opera Comique performances. *En attendant*, it will be some consolation to us to hear of Madlle. Charton's successes in more favoured parts of the world.

May 27, 1850.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. HERRMAN, the eminent violinist, has arrived in London for the season.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.—We shall give a *resume* of the last three meetings of this admirable society next week.

MADAME PASTA has arrived in London, but will not make a long sojourn. She visited both the Italian Operas during the week. We saw her on Thursday night at the Royal Italian Opera, looking in admirable health and spirits. Would that she could be induced to appear, if but for a single night, to charm the world with her glorious art. What, though her voice be gone, enough remains to delight and entrance. How much would be forgiven for one look and one attitude in *Medea*!

MR. ELLA proposes to organise a chamber band and semi-chorus for the practice of Dramatic Music, and the encouragement of young and native vocalists. Such a society is much needed; for whilst amateurs are aiming at the highest flights of the lyrical muse, our professional singers have little or no opportunity of exercising their talents in this branch of art.

MICHAEL HAUSER, a violinist and composer of repute in Vienna, has arrived in London.

SAMUEL M. MILLAR, a well-known performer on the trumpet, died last week in Edinburgh, leaving a widow and nine children totally unprovided for.

HERR REDL has been appointed musical director at Vauxhall Gardens.

MISS ANNE WILLIAMS.—This talented vocalist and great popular favorite, has retired from private life, having contracted a highly advantageous matrimonial alliance. Miss Williams was married, on Monday fortnight, to Alfred Price, Esq., of Gloucester, a gentleman of large property and influence in that county. The duet, which has so long charmed the public ear, will now be for ever silent, except to those who enjoy the privilege of hearing it from time to time in intimate circles.

M. ANTOINE BOHRER, violinist, and his clever daughter, Mdle. Sophie Bohrer, have arrived in London from St. Petersburg. It will be recollected that in 1842 a concert was given in the Hanover Square Rooms by M. Bohrer, in which the pianoforte playing of Mdle. Sophie Bohrer, then a mere child, created a great sensation. Since then, we understand, she has made immense progress. We shall be curious to hear her.

MISS EMMA BUSBY gave a *soiree musicale* at the Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday evening. Miss Busby is a pianiste of much promise. She played Beethoven's trio in D major with Deichman and Piatti, Chopin's ballade in G minor, "La Favorite," Thalberg's

duet for piano and violin (from the *Huguenots*), in conjunction with Herr Deichman, a "Musical sketch," by Bennett, a Lied by Mendelssohn, and a valse by Chopin, in all of which she showed much good taste, and her execution was marked by great precision. Herr Deichman, in an adagio and rondo by Viouxtemps, proved himself a first-rate violinist. Piatti's beautiful violoncello playing is too well known to need comment. The vocalists were Madame Nottes, Mdle. Graumann, and Herr Stigelli. The latter sang, in a very chaste and pleasing manner, a song and a barcarole of his own composition, and took part in a duet with Mdle. Graumann. The *soiree* gave much satisfaction to all present.

A MORNING AND EVENING performance of Sacred Music will take place in Higham Terrors Church, on Thursday the 6th of June, in aid of the funds for the restoration of Chelveston Church. Handel's Oratorio, the *Messiah*, will be performed in the morning, and in the evening a selection from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Martini, Arne, and Mendelssohn. We observe Miss Birch, Mrs. Abbot, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Lawler are the principal vocalists, and Mr. Surman will officiate as conductor. The band and chorus, it is stated, will number 100 performers. We hope the performances will be well attended by the surrounding gentry.

ALBERT SMITH'S new entertainment, *An Overland Journey to Egypt*, was produced on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms with complete success. "In amusing his audience with an account of a journey from Suez to Boulogne," says the *Times*, "Mr. Albert Smith unites two distinct classes of entertainment—the instructive diorama, which has, of late, become so much the rage, and the humorous song and characteristic sketch, which belonged to the old 'Mathews at Home.' For the pictorial part of the entertainment Mr. Smith has engaged the services of Mr. William Beverley, unquestionably one of the first scenic artists of the day, as is fully demonstrated by the exquisite decorations of the Lyceum spectacles. The Egyptian views before which Mr. Albert Smith delivers his humorous lecture at Willis's Rooms are at once distinguished for knowledge of effect and a finished execution rarely attempted in works of the kind. His skies are remarkable for transparency, his distances are always conceived with a true feeling for atmosphere, and the figures in his foregrounds are admirably brought out. A picture of the Nile, with a "kandja," or native boat, upon it, is a perfect specimen of scenic art. The views are separate from each other, not connected as in other moving dioramas, and hence we would suggest that, in future exhibitions, the curtain should be lowered between each scene, and that a song should occur in the interval. Mr. Albert Smith, in his part of the work, brings forward a quality which is always popular with an English audience—unfeigned good-humour. Profundity he does not attempt, but he gives in as pleasant a form as possible the impression which a succession of new objects produces on a traveller determined to enjoy himself after his own fashion, and little disposed to be influenced by those who had gone before him. When a situation or a national trait becomes remarkably piquant he tells it in the shape of a song, and in singing lays, the great effect of which depends on the judicious utterance of the words, there is probably no one who could equal Mr. Smith, except Mr. Charles Mathews. Moreover, these songs are exceedingly well written, displaying a nice feeling for smooth metre, and great power in compressing a number of salient points into a small compass. The characteristic anecdotes with which the lecture is interspersed are all exceedingly well contrived, and told with a power of impersonation which is almost wonderful when we consider that the gentleman who affords the entertainment does not belong to the histrionic profession." We more than agree with every word of this, and shall next week give our own impressions in detail. A more amusing and untiring entertainment of the monologue species was never offered to the public. We hope and believe that, what with town and country, it may be the means of making the fortune of Albert Smith, whose exertions to please the public have been so zealous and incessant.

BENEDICT.—The directors of the Philharmonic Society have engaged this eminent musician to perform a new concerto of his own composition at the eighth and last concert of the season. Every one must applaud this step, which indicates that the Philharmonic is at last becoming sensible to the necessity of favouring its subscribers with something in the shape of novelty.

MADLE ALBONI's next part at the grand opera in Paris will be Leonor, in the *Favorite*.

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA.—This distinguished artist has finished her engagement at Berlin, having given sixteen representations of the *Prophète*, instead of twenty-four, as originally intended. Mdle. Wagner, from Dresden, has succeeded her in the part of Fides.

M. JARLI, the pianist, who was to have played at the next Musical Union, has unexpectedly returned to Paris. Mr. Ella has engaged M. Charles Hallé in his place.

MADAME THERESA WARTEL.—The *Menestrel*, a French musical journal, informs its readers that this well-known pianiste has been invited to lend her assistance at several concerts of the London season, and, among others, at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. The *Menestrel* is misinformed.

ALARD, the celebrated French violinist, has arrived in London for the season, and will play at the next concert of the Musical Union. M. Alard has recently played at the Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester, which now, as our readers are aware, are under the direction of M. Charles Hallé. The pieces performed by M. Alard were the first movement of Beethoven's concerto, and a fantasia of his own composition. The concert was otherwise attractive, Mdle. Angri, Madame Castellan, Signor Tamberlik, and Signor Marchesi being the vocalists.

AMATEUR CONCERT.—(From a Correspondent).—An amateur performance of music is but an agreeable apology for professional efficiency; but where the selection of pieces attempted is interesting and suggestive, the imagination supplies the slight defects of execution, and receives a satisfactory impression of the compositions. The following programme of Lady Clerk's concert on Thursday last, executed by forty amateurs, is both novel and highly creditable to all parties:—

Selections from *Otello*:—Intro: e Coro (Viva Otello), e Marcia; Duetto (vorrei che il tuo pensiero; Finale, Atto 1^o, Coro (Santo Imen); Trio (T'parli l'amore); Quintetto, con Coro (Incerta l'anima).—Rossini, Duetto (L'Addio).—Donizetti.
Selections from *Le Prophète*:—Intro: et Chœur (La brise est tranquille); Romance à deux voix (Un jour dans les flots); Air Pastorale, Oboe Solo; Chœur Des Fatineurs (Voici les fermières).—Meyerbeer.
Aria (Il mio piano), *La Gazza Ladra*.—Rossini.
Selections from *Le Moine*.—(Musique de Ballet) No. 1, Andante ed Allegro; No. 2, Adagio ed Allegretto; Quartetto (Je tremble et soupire); Grande Scène (Quelle horrible destinée); Finale, Act 3ème (Dieu soutiens leur ardeur).—Rossini.

Mr. Ella officiated as director. [Agreeing with the general tenor of our correspondent's observations, we must confess, we should have been better pleased had the selection been less exclusively operatic. Operas are only good on the stage.—Ed.]

M. SCRIBE.—Eugene Scribe was born in Paris on the 24th of December, 1791. His father was a silk mercer, near the Piliers des Halles, in the Rue St. Denis. His lively wit at an early age was discerned by all his friends, and he was in consequence sent to the Great College at St. Barbe. When at 18 years of age he left college, he was an orphan, and without fortune. Fortunately he found a kind guardian in his relation, M. Bonnet, a celebrated barrister of those days, who destined him for his own profession, and placed him under that celebrated jurist and politician, Dupin, the elder, now the President of the French Legislative Chamber, to study the Roman law. But in his studies the legal fact that most deeply impressed itself on Eugene Scribe's mind was, that at 21 a young man is master of his own actions, and having reached that age, he determined to renounce the law, and betake himself to his pen for support. Shortly after reaching his majority he began his dramatic career by writing a vaudeville for the Gymnase. His success here led to an engagement to write for the Théâtre Français, and to the establishment of his reputation as a dramatic author. He has composed 10 comedies in five acts, and 20 in one, two, or three acts, for the Français. He has written 150 vaudevilles for the Gymnase. As a lyrical poet he stands unequalled for the number and purity of his libretti, having written the poetry of 40 grand operas, and of 100 comic operas; to these must be added the libretto of the forthcoming *Tempesta*. His entire works are 340 in number, besides his novels. Throughout his literary career he has preserved his independence, and never solicited patronage or place; yet his merits have not passed unrewarded. He is a commander of the Legion of Honor, has received crosses

from almost every sovereign in Europe, is a member of the Quarante de l'Académie, and to these gratifying tokens of success he has added the more substantial reward of a handsome independence, achieved by incessant industry.

VAUXHALL.—On Wednesday night these gardens were opened with a grand *Bal Masque* as a preliminary entertainment to the opening for the season which is about to take place. The gardens are in admirable order, and the arrangements, under the superintendence of the well-known lessee of former seasons, Mr. Wardell, all that the frequenters of the place can desire. As was stated in the bills, "all the resources of the far-famed establishment" were made available, and certainly there was no want of necessary attractions to induce the company to enter, and plenty to protract their stay when they had entered, the gates. The walks and avenues were brilliantly illuminated; every accommodation was given for dancing, and for eating and drinking. Three excellent bands were in attendance, the incessant music of the instruments of which kept the company in continuous movement. For some hours the merriment and frolic was kept up by hundreds of persons in costumes of all ages and countries, and in countries not referable to any age or clime. There were many groups from Epsom, who seemed determined to prolong the "Derby" day by the addition of several hours from its successor. No signs of exhaustion were perceptible in the votaries of pleasure, and it was not till the "professionals" were completely worn out that the patrons of the place retired. The whole went off in good style.

ISWICH MUSICAL SOCIETY.—Under the superintendence of Mr. R. W. Foster and M. A. Bowles, assisted by Mr. S. King, Mr. Goodball, Mr. Bacon, and other native artists, this society is making steady progress. The first open concert was given on Tuesday evening at the Mechanics' Lecture Hall, when, in addition to various local talent, the society had the valuable assistance of the Misses C. and S. Cole, of the London Wednesday Concerts; Mr. Bowles being leader with the violin, and Mr. Foster presiding at the pianoforte. The programme combined a very tasteful selection, and afforded universal satisfaction. Amongst the *encores* was Miss S. Cole's song, by Rodwell, "O Charming May," which was given with purity and expression. Miss S. Cole also sung Haydn's "My mother bids me," which was warmly and deservedly applauded. Two other performances were also distinguished, a concerto on the violin, and Parry's song, "Country Commissions," by Mr. Bowles. Miss C. Cole also gave with much taste and feeling, "When Lubin sings," by Hubbs, "Good Night," by Rosenhain, and "O Luce di quest'anima," from Donizetti, all of which were remarkably well received; as were also several duets, by the two artistes. The orchestra has been considerably strengthened and exhibited improvement, though the amateurs evidently require practice to attain precision. The want of the latter was occasionally exhibited; but we are bound, upon the whole, to commend the style in which the overtures were given, particularly the *Siege of Rochelle* and *Der Freischütz*. The attendance was large, embracing many of the principal families in the town and neighbourhood. The popularity already attained by this society, affords assurance of future support, as well as of increased excellence in its performances.

LEAMINGTON.—The Messrs. Distins gave a concert at the Music Hall on Monday evening last, which was well attended. Nothing could excel the general *ensemble* which pervaded the various concerted pieces performed by them on their silver sax-horns; as the composer, Marschner, remarked of them, "they performed as if they were but one man;" while the power they displayed in the forte passages, produced all the effect of a tolerably full band. The party was assisted by Miss O'Connor, the same pleasing vocalist who appeared with them at Leamington some three or four years ago, and who accompanied them in their recent tour in America. Miss O'Connor sings in the true English-ballad style; her voice is sweet, her articulation perfect, and there is a degree of mind and pathos in her style which wins upon the audience, and proves at once her vocal and artistic powers. We have seldom heard the ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," and J. P. Knight's song, "Of what is the Old Man Thinking?" more impressively rendered. Not the least attractive portions of the concert were the glees and madrigals introduced by Miss O'Connor and the brothers Distin; several of them were deservedly encored

a compliment that was also awarded to Mr. Theodore Distin for his singing of Loder's popular song, "Phillip the Falconer," and to that gentleman and Miss O'Connor for Barnett's buffo duet, "The Singing Lesson." Mr. Willy accompanied both the vocal and instrumental pieces on the piano forte, and played a solo on that instrument, which fully sustained his reputation of ranking among the pianists of the day. We hope to hear the same party again before our summer season is ended.—(*Leamington Paper*.)

HERR W. KUHE, the well-known pianist, has announced his annual morning concert to take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday next. Herr Kuhé has engaged a host of talent; the names of the artistes may be seen on reference to his advertisement.

MADAME LEMAIRE'S *Soiree Musicale* was held on Monday, the 6th inst., at Mr. E. Coulon's rooms, Great Marlborough Street. The *beneficiaire* engaged for the occasion, as assistants, Mrs. Gardner, Mr. Peed, Signor Montelli, and Signor Marras, with the Mesdames Magnier and Mora as vocalists; and Mademoiselle Coulon (pianist), M. Rousselot (violinello), the Dons J. and R. Ciebra (guitar), and Mr. Sedgwick (concertina), as instrumentalists. The programme, which was made up of the usual miscellaneous kind, offers few points for particular notice. Madame Lemaire joined Signor Montelli in the duet, "Dunque io sono," from the *Barbiere*; sang the rondo finale from the *Cenerentola*, and introduced two romances by Celli, which were expressly written for the occasion of her benefit. Madame Lemaire was received with much favor in all her efforts. Mdlle. Coulon performed with M. Rousselot Mendelssohn's sonata, for piano and violinello, in B. flat, and Thalberg's *Massanietto* fantasia. The fair pianist showed herself equally an adept in the classical and picturesque schools. The sonata was played admirably, and was loudly applauded at the end. Mademoiselle Coulon's execution is neat and brilliant; and her reading evidences the taste and appreciation of a musician. Mendelssohn's music is no sealed volume to this talented and rising young artist. We must not omit a word of strong praise for M. Rousselot's performance of the violinello. In the modern school of pianoforte playing, Mademoiselle Coulon appeared no less happy than in the severe composition of the great master. Thalberg's very difficult fantasia was dashed off in a bold and energetic style, which told with considerable effect on the audience. Mademoiselle Coulon is on the high road to excellence, and we shall be disappointed if, after a few years, she does not reach an eminent rank in her profession. Mr. Maurice Levy conducted.

SUSSEX HALL.—An Evening Concert was given on Monday week in this place. The programme was long, and the performers multitudinous. The City gentry had a sound treat, if they estimate the excellence of an entertainment by its length. Among the singers, we noticed Miss Catherine Hayes, Mdlle. Graumann, Mdlle. Therese Magnier, Herr Stigelli, and the Hungarian vocalists. In the instrumental section was comprised Ernst, Herr Wilhelm Kuhé (the pianist), and Ap Thomas (the Welch Harpist). Boots it not to name all that was effected. The great gun of the evening was Ernst, who electrified his hearers, and produced a sensation that will not soon be forgotten within the sound of Bow-bells. The first performance of the great violinist was his own grand fantasia on the march and romance from *Othello*; he next played May-sedor's "Air varié" with a cadenza written by himself; and lastly he gave, as a *bonne bouche*, the "Carnaval de Venise." Each of these pieces was executed in the most magnificent style, and produced an effect not to be described. The good citizens were roused to the utmost enthusiasm, and applauded till their hands were wearied and their throats grew dull. Of course each *morceau* was encored. Miss Catherine Hayes sang three times, and three times sang admirably. Of the rest of the concert it is unnecessary to speak. Herr Wilhelm Kuhé officiated as conductor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MERCURY.—Mr. J. M. Mudie, beyond all comparison.

VIPOOND.—In the German Opera there is no recitative; the dialogue is all spoken. Balfe had not to write recitatives for the Viennese version of his operas. The other question we cannot answer.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on
THE ART OF SINGING,
Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at
his Residence,
71, UPPER NORTON STREET;
And at all the principal Musiciansellers.

BALFE'S NEW BALLAD,

"THE JOY OF TEARS."

Composed expressly for and Sung by
MISS CATHERINE HAYES,
at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the London Concerts.—Price 2s.
JOHN CAMPBELL, 53, New Bond Street.

Just Published,

MADLLE. JENNY LIND'S

"MADELAINE AND THE BIRD."

A DOUBLE SONG, Translated from the German by
DESMOND RYAN, Esq. Music by C. A. MANZOLD. Sung by JENNY
LIND in all her late Concerts on the Continent.—Price 1s.
SCHOTT and Co., Importers and Publishers.

W. H. HOLMES' NEWEST PIANOFORTE WORK,

"DREAM OF FAIRY-LAND,"

VALSE BRILLANTE. Price 3s. Also the following arrangements by the same composer:—Fantasia, *Masanietto*, 3s. 6d.; Beethoven's
"Adelaide," 3s.; Scena, *Der Freischutz*, 3s.; and Handel's "Harmonious
Blacksmith," 2s.

LEADER and COCK, 63, New Bond Street,
(Corner of Brook Street, London).

Just Published,

"THE BUSY BEE POLKA."

"This is the most brilliant, lively, and tuneful Polka we have seen for months past, and possesses that great desideratum for popularity, that even in the hands of a performer of most moderate pretensions it cannot fail to produce a pleasing and sparkling effect."—*Musical World*.

WESSEL AND CO., 229, Regent Street;
where may be had

"THE TWIN POLKAS,"

"POLKA GLISSANTE,"

AND "POLKA TREMOLA."

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

A YOUNG MAN, possessing a knowledge of the Pianoforte, Concertina, and Organ, in each of which he is capable of imparting instruction to a considerable extent, is desirous of obtaining a SITUATION where he could make further improvement, and obtain a moderate remuneration for his services. In Pianoforte Tuning and Quadrille Playing he would also be found useful. Good testimonials can be given of character and ability. Apply, by letter, to E. B., Mr. Allen's, 17, Percy-street, Bedford-square, London.

HERR W. KUHE

HAS the honour to announce that his **ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on TUESDAY, June 4, to commence at two o'clock precisely, on which occasion he will be assisted by the following celebrated Artists:—Vocalists: Mesdames Catherine Hayes, Bassano, Schloss, Graumann, De Rupplin, Madame Nottes; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Ciabatta, Mayerhofer, and Stigelli. Instrumental Performers: Piano-forte, Herr Kuhé; Harp, Mr. Ap-Thomas; Concertina, M. Regondi; Violin, M. Molière; Violoncello, M. Fiati. Conductors: Messrs. Lavenu, Kuhé, and Brinley Richards. Stalls and Tickets may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Kuhé, 18, Princes Street, Cavendish Square.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public, are respectfully informed that on

THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 6TH, 1850,
(WHICH WILL BE INCLUDED IN THE SUBSCRIPTION)
Will be presented for

THE FIRST TIME,

An entirely New Grand Opera, by HALEVY,
The Poem by SCRIBE, founded on the *Tempest* of SHAKESPEARE, and
composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre.
The Incidental Dances by M. PAUL TAGLIONI.
entitled,

LA TEMPESTA.

The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.
The Costumes by Mr. Coombes and Miss Bradley, under the superintendence
of Madame Copere.
The Machinery by Mr. D. Sloman. The Appointments by Mr. E. Bradwell.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso (King of Naples)	Sig. LORENZO.
Prospero (Duke of Milan)	Sig. COLETTI.
Antonio (his Brother, the Usurper)	Sig. F. LABLACHE.
Ferdinand (Prince of Naples)	Sig. BAUCARDE.
Sycorax	Mdlle. PARODI.
Trinculo	Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Spirit of the Air	Miss CATHERINE HAYES.
	(Who have obligingly undertaken the parts.)
Ariel	Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Caliban	Sig. LABLACHE.
	and
Miranda	Madame SONTAG.

Courtiers, Soldiers, Mariners, Elves, Sprites of the Air and of the Deep,
&c., &c., &c.

On this occasion, M. HALEVY will have the honor to preside in
the Orchestra.

With Various Entertainments in the

BALLET DEPARTMENT,

Combining the talents of

Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,
Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, Mdlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,
M. CHARLES, and M. PAUL TAGLIONI.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.
Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of
the Theatre.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS,



HANOVER SQUARE.

Under the distinguished Patronage of His Royal Highness
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

MR. W. H. SEGUIN and Mrs. W. H. SEGUIN (Associate,
Hon. Mem. and Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music),
have the honor to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT is fixed to
take place on FRIDAY MORNING Next, June 7th, 1850; on which occasion
the following artists will appear:—

Madlle. Schloss, Miss Lucombe, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, Miss M. Williams;
Miss S. Messent, and Madame F. Lablache; Mr. Sims Reeves (who will sing
"The Savoyard's Return," and "Lamenta della Anna"); Mr. W. H. Seguin,
Mr. Benson, and Signor Marchesi.

The eminent Pianist, M. Thalberg, who will perform the following
Pieces:—Fantasia (MASANIELLO) Thalberg; and New Variations on the
Barcarole (L'ELISIR D'AMORE) Thalberg. M. Benedict will perform, in
conjunction with Mr. Brinley Richards, a Grand Duet Concertante, for two
pianofortes, on Themes by Schubert—Benedict. Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton
(Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen), a Grand Fantasia. Violoncello, Herr
Hekking (from the Hague), who will perform "Souvenir de Spa"—
F. Servais.

Sir Henry R. Bishop will preside at the Pianoforte.

A limited number of Reserved Seats, 15s. each; to be had only of Mr. and
Mrs. W. H. Seguin. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Family Tickets, to admit
Three, One Guinea; to be had at all the principal music-sellers, and at the
residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seguin, 43, Curson Street, May Fair.

MUSICAL UNION.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, SIXTH MATINEE, Tuesday, June 4th,
Half-past Three o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

Quartet, in D, No. 10, — Mozart. Trio, No. 2, in C minor, Op. 66, —
Mendelssohn. Quintet, in C major, Op. 29, — Beethoven.
Executants:—Alard (from Paris), Deloffre, Hill, Mellon, Piatti, and
Charles Hallé.
Strangers' Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had of Cramer and Co., Regent Street.
Members can introduce visitors by payment at the rooms.

J. ELLA, Director.
Ernst and Heller, Piatti and Hallé, Sainton, and other distinguished
artists, will perform at the Director's Grand Matinée, on the 18th of June, to
commence at Three o'clock—half an hour earlier than usual.

MR. W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S

MORNING PERFORMANCE of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE
MUSIC, on THURSDAY, June 6th, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS;
on which occasion he will be assisted by MM. Stephen Heller, Sainton,
Piatti, Grattan Cooke, Williams, Jarrett, and Baumann.
The Hungarian Vocalists will sing some of Mendelssohn's and Weber's
choicest part songs.

To commence at 3 o'clock.

Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had at all the music warehouses; and
of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square.

DISTINS' CONCERTS.

MR. DISTIN AND SONS will perform on the Sax Horns
in the following towns:—Norwich, June 3rd; Yarmouth, 4th;
Lowestoft, 5th; Beccles, 6th; Harleston, 7th.

Vocalist	Miss O'CONNOR.
Pianist	Mr. J. WILLY.

Distins' Amateur Cornet Classes assemble nightly for the practice of
Quartets, &c., 31, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

MESDAMES SONTAG, FREZZOLINI, PARODI, GIULIANI,
Ida Bertrand, Miss Catherine Hayes, Madlle. Charton, Signori Gardoni,
Calzolari, Baucarde, Coletti, Belletti, F. Lablache, and Lablache, under the
direction of Mr. Balfe; Piano—Messrs. Halle, Osborne, Lindsay Sloper, and
Benedict; Violin—Messrs. Ernst and Molique; Violoncello—Signor Piatti;
Harp—Mr. Ap-Thomas; and French Horn—Mr. Vivier; will all perform
at M. BENEDICT'S GRAND CONCERT, which will take place on the
Stage of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on FRIDAY MORNING,
June 21. Applications for Boxes, &c., to be made at the principal Libraries,
Music Warehouses, the Box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre, and to
M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

MADLLE. COULON

HAS the honor to announce that her Annual Morning Concert
will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on MONDAY,
June 3, to commence at Two o'clock precisely, on which occasion she will be
assisted by the following celebrated Artists:—

Vocalists—Mesdames Birch, Nau, E. Birch, Graumann; Messrs. Stigelli,
de Besnier, Burdini, and Marchesi.

Instrumental Performers:—Pianoforte, Madlle. Coulon; Harp, Mr.
Frederick Chatterton; Violin, M. Sainton; Flute, M. Briccialdi; Violoncello,
M. Rousselot; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Horn, Mr. Jarrett; Oboe, M. Barret;
Bassoon, M. Baumann.

Madlle. Coulon will perform Beethoven's grand Quintet in E, Thalberg's
grand Fantasia on airs from Sonnambula, a grand Duet by Osborne for two
pianos, on themes from Les Huguenots and Ravina's Sicilienne.

Conductors . . . Messrs. BENEDICT and LINDSAY SLOPER.

Stalls and Tickets may be had at all the principal music warehouses; and
of Madlle. Coulon, 48, Great Marlborough Street.

MISS BINCKES & MR. JOSEPH HAIGH,

BEG to announce that they will give an EVENING CONCERT
at the Hanover Square Rooms, on FRIDAY, June 14, 1850.

Vocal Performers, Miss Catherine Hayes, Madlle. Da Vinci, and Miss
Binckes, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Ronconi, and Mr. Joseph Haigh, (his first
appearance since his return from Italy).

Instrumental Performers.—Pianoforte, Miss Binckes; Harp, Mr. J. Balsir
Chatterton, (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen); Violin, Mr. H. Blagrove;
Concertina, Mr. R. Blagrove.

Conductors . . . Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER, and Mr. W. C. MACFARREN.

Tickets, 7s. each; to admit four, £1 1s.; and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. each;
to be had at the principal music shops; of Miss Binckes, Cornbury Place,
Old Kent Road; and of Mr. J. Haigh, 51, Bernard Street, Russell Square.
Reserved Seats to be had only of Miss Binckes and Mr. Haigh.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR RONCONI.

THE Directors have the honor to announce, that on **TUESDAY** next, June 4th, a **COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT** will take place, on which occasion **SIGNOR RONCONI** will have the honor of appearing in Verdi's Opera **SERIA**, **ANATO**, and also in Rossini's Opera **BUFFA**, **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA**. The entertainments will commence with the **SECOND ACT** of Verdi's Opera,

A N A T O,

The Principal Characters by

Signor **RONCONI**,
M^{me}. **CASTELLAN**,
M^{lle}. **VERA**,
Signor **TAGLIAFICO**,

AND

Signor **TAMBERLIK**.

After which will be performed (for the first time this season) Rossini's
Opera **BUFFA**,

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

Rossina	Madame CASTELLAN ,
Bertha	M ^{lle} . COTTI ,
Almaviva	Signor MARIO ,
Bartolo	Signor TAGLIAFICO ,
Basilio	Signor POLONINI ,
Fiorello	Signor SOLDI ,

AND

Figaro Signor **RONCONI**.**EXTRA NIGHT—DON GIOVANNI.**

On **THURSDAY NEXT**, June 6th, will be performed Mozart's
Grand Opera,

DON GIOVANNI.

Donna Anna . . .	M ^{me} . GRISI ,
Elvira	M ^{lle} . VERA ,
Zerlina	M ^{me} . CASTELLAN ,
Don Giovanni . .	Signor TAMBURINI ,
Leporello	Herr FORMES ,
Masetto	Signor POLONINI ,
Il Commendatore .	Signor TAGLIAFICO ,

AND

Don Ottavio . . . Signor **MARIO**.

The Opera will be supported by a Triple Orchestra and Double Chorus

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. **COSTA**.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Hart Street and Bow Street, Covent Garden, which is open from 10 till 5 o'clock; and at the Principal Libraries.

Mrs. **ANDERSON**'s **GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place on Monday, June 10th. For Particulars see Advertisement.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

Under the Immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty,
THE QUEEN.

MRS. **ANDERSON** (Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and Musical Instructress to Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal), has the honour to announce to her Patrons and Friends, that her **ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT**

Will take place at the **ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA**, on

MONDAY, JUNE 10th, 1850,

Commencing at **HALF-PAST ONE O'CLOCK** precisely,
And will be supported by all the Principal Artistes, and also the Magnificent Band and Chorus of that Establishment.

The Concert will be in Two Parts.

PART I.—The Whole of the Music, composed by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, to the Sophoclean Tragedy of

EDIPUS COLONEUS,

Which (for the First Time) will be publicly performed, with the English version of its Lyrics, and an elucidative **MONOLOGUE**, written for this occasion by Mr. **BARTHOLOMEW**, and which will be recited, with extracts from the **MS. Tragedy**, by Mr. **BARTLEY**, who had the honour of reading the Tragedy by Command of **HER MAJESTY**.

This Work has been performed only at Buckingham Palace, and it is by **THE KIND AND GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY** that Mrs. Anderson is enabled to produce it on this occasion.

PART II. will consist of the following
MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

Overture, <i>Leonora</i>	Beethoven.
Quartetto, "Noble Chatelaine," Signor Marali, Mons. Massol, Signor Rommi, and Mons. Zelger	Rossini.
Air, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Robert le Diable, Madame Castellan	Meyerbeer,
Grand Choral Fantasia, Pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson and Chorus	Beethoven.
Air, "In diesen heiligen Haller," Die Zauberflote, Herr Formes	Mozart.
Duetto, "Tornami a dir," Don Pasquale, Madame Grisi and Signor Mario	Donizetti.
Chorus for Female Voices, "Bridesmaid's Chorus," King Stephen	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Parlar Spiegare," Zorà, Signor Tamberlik and Signor Tamburini	Rossini.
Solo, Violin, Mons. Sainton	Sainton.
Duetto, "Quanto Amore," L'Elisir d'Amore, Madame Castellan and Signor Ronconi	Donizetti.
Romance, "Spirito gentil," La Favorita, Signor Mario	Donizetti.
Tarentella, Pianoforte and Violin, Mrs. Anderson and Mons. Sainton	Spohr.
Air, "Ecco il pegno," Gemma di Vergy, Signor Ronconi	Donizetti.
Duetto, "Oh guardate che figura," La Prova d'un Opera Seria, Madame Grisi and Signor Tamburini	Gneco.
Duetto, "Ah bel destin," Linda di Chamunni, Madlle. Vera and Madlle. de Meric	Donizetti.
Madrigal, by the Chorus, "In these delightful, pleasant groves"	Purcell.
Jubilee Overture	Weber.

Conductor Mr. **COSTA**.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Boxes: Pit Tier, £2 2s.—Grand Tier, £4 4s.—First Tier, £3 3s.—Second Tier, £2 2s.—Third Tier, £1 1s. 6d.—Orchestra Stalls, 15s.—Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.—Pit, 5s.—Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

Tickets and Boxes to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre; at the principal music-sellers and libraries; and of Mrs. Anderson, 21, Manchester Street, Manchester Square.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by **WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON**, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Parkes, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, June 1st, 1850.